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A MATTER OF PATIENCE.

She: ENGAGED TO TWO GIRLS AT THE SAME TIME! WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
He: O, I AM ALL RIGHT, BUT WHAT ARE *they* GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

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WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY,
AND OF BUT
ONE GRADE—THAT OF STERLING ~~AND~~ FINE
THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE ENTIRE
FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS,
AND THE QUESTION

"IS IT SILVER OR IS IT PLATED?"
IS NEVER RAISED
CONCERNING A GIFT
BEARING OUR
TRADE-MARK.



Solid Silver

Exclusively.



WHITING M^FG Co.

Silversmiths,

Union Square & 16th St.
NEW YORK.

FUR RUGS



RUGS OF
EVERY KNOWN
FUR

ARTISTICALLY MOUNTED

WELL WORTHY OF
A VISIT

C. G.
GUNTHER'S SONS
184 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK

HOLLANDERS

New York:
290 Fifth Avenue.

Boston:
202 Boylston Street.

Later Importations of

NEW MODELS

IN

Evening Gowns and Costumes

Have Just Arrived.

ALSO MORE NOVELTIES IN
Mantles and Coats.

FALL AND WINTER

CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Brewster invite inspection of their stock
of Fall and Winter Carriages in all the fashionable
varieties, now on view at their warerooms.

Broadway, 47th to 48th St.

BREWSTER & CO.

(OF BROOME ST.)

Stern
Bros

Are now showing exclusive styles
of

Men's
Neckwear

including the new
Knickerbocker, Four-in-Hand
in Persian and other effects
French De Joinvilles
in entirely new combinations
and colorings;

Japanese Silk

Night Robes
in plain, colors and striped effects

Underwear
of Silk, Silk and Wool,
Natural Wool,
Merino and Balbriggan;
Umbrellas, Canes,
Riding Crops & Whips
with the most desirable
mountings.

West 23d St



Reuben Wayback (on box): WHEN CY BARTLETT, DOWN TER PODUNK CORNERS, TOLD 'BOUT THE GRAND TALLY HOES HE SEEN ON FIFTH AVENOO, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D COME UP TER YORK AND RIDE ON ONE OF 'EM FER FIVE CENTS, B'GOSH!

WHAT COULD SHE DO?

IF I kissed you would you be in-
Dignant with me—make resistance?
Flush and blush and order me in
Tragic tones to “keep my distance?”
Break your pretty voice in two
Calling some one to assist you—
Tell me, sweet, what *would* you do
If I kissed you?

If you kissed me I might scold you
Under certain circumstances;
And at more than arms-length hold you
To discourage your advances.
But if none were near but you—
As at this minute—to assist me,
Tell me, please, what *could* I do
If you kissed me?

Edward W. Barnard.

LIABLE TO GO OFF AT ANY MOMENT.

PRIMUS: I see McKinley thinks the Democrats are as dangerous as the Anarchists.

SECUNDUS: Have they been throwing any bombs?

PRIMUS: No; but they go around exploding his theories.

A 'LUCKY MAN.

CLEVERTON: Did you ever see a man who could stand as much liquor as Tanker?

JAGWAY (*sadly*): No. Some men are born lucky.





"While there's Life there's Hope."

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IN extenuation of the absence of the Prince of Wales from Lord Tennyson's funeral, it is explained that English royalty does not go to great men's funerals, but to royal funerals only. And besides, there was a horse-race going on at the time, and royalty does go to horse-races. If the Prince does not care for funerals, his compunctions about allowing the funeral habit to grow on him are worthy of respect. Indulgence once too often might result in his being a mere mortuary emblem for the rest of his days on earth. Let him enjoy his prerogative while he may. His job will be elective presently, and then a regular attendance at funerals will mean bread and butter to him.

ONE of the things that has made the closing days of this remarkable campaign seem a little like old times, has been the attempt to stampede the Irish vote. Begun by Mr. Blaine in his suggestion that Irishmen ought to remember that the "free trade" party was the party of England's hopes, it was taken up with enthusiasm by the *Tribune*, and the Republican and anti-Cleveland papers generally. But somehow it has seemed to make flat reading. There has been so much less senseless clatter than usual this year that "whurroo" editorials don't go.



THE exceptional dimensions of Mr. Grover Cleveland's discretion seem to have been again apparent in his firm refusal to go to the Columbus celebration in Chicago. Many persons who did go suffered both privations and extortions, and were hustled and prodded by day, and inadequately sheltered at night, and both at such cost as seemed to suggest that

Chicago wanted to get all its money back before the dedication and start even. Governor Flower, of this State, was one of the

persons who found the town much too crowded for comfort, and so intimated in language of characteristic force.

It is a long, long time since so forcible an occasional speaker as Mr. Flower has been Governor of New York. His recent reply to the United Clothing Cutters, who "demanded" the pardon of one James Hughes, a black-mailer, was off the same piece as his celebrated remarks to the representatives of the clam-diggers of Islip, at the time of the cholera scare. It has been rumored that the Suffolk county men are going to give expression to the sentiments engendered in their breasts by those remarks by voting next week in solid platoons for Mr. Harrison. That is probably a campaign lie, but we will see presently. It would just about break the Governor's heart to think that any language of his should have cost Mr. Cleveland any votes, but he would doubtless continue to express himself with candor on occasion just the same.



THE sympathy of this journal is hereby tendered to Mr. T. K. Yin, Minister of the Chinese Empire at Washington, in the painful domestic complications from which he is reported to be suffering. It seems that Mr. Yin has employed an interpreter, one Ho, who, from having long had his say about everything that was done, has come to believe that he is a far more potent entity than the Minister himself. Being better able than Mr. Yin to make himself understood, Ho has spread the delusion in the Minister's official family until, the papers say, Mr. Yin has neither backer nor adherent in the legation, and, pending advices from

China, has to chalk his own shoes and get shaved at an ordinary barber's.

It may comfort Mr. Yin in his annoyance to know that interpreters, from their much speaking, are exceptionally liable to the affection known as swelled head. Perhaps the most noted case recorded is that of a newspaper of this town, which, having for some years been political interpreter for some hundred thousand Americans, essayed once on a time to substitute its own sentiments for those of its employers. Straightway it got effectually called down, had its pay docked severely, and came uncomfortably near losing its job altogether. Mr. Yin's interpreter, Ho, will be lucky if he gets off as well. What we think is more likely to happen is that when the Emperor of China gets Mr. Yin's letter of complaint he will simply exclaim, "What, Ho! Off with his head!" Official business is still done in that way in China.

THE most idiotic and despicable reason waged against Mr. Cleveland's election is the fact that he left the reviewing stand at the recent Columbus Celebration while the Grand Army of the Republic was passing. It happened that Mr. Cleveland left because he had public business to perform as one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund. Even if he hadn't, LIFE sees no reason why the fact that he tired of the procession and wanted to do something else more profitable than watching, is to be urged as a disqualification for the Presidency.

A HONEYMOON EPISODE.

CHARACTERS.

DICK, newly married.

BESSIE, his wife.

TOM, a confirmed young bachelor.

DICK: How are you, old fellow?
You staying in town?
Seems jolly to see you. My wife
will be down—

TOM: I really can't stay. Merely
thought I'd drop in
To see how you're looking. You
haven't grown thin!

DICK: Ah, Tommy, you missed the best
part of your life,
Not having a home and a dear little
wife.

It's four weeks to-morrow—Jove! how
the days pass!

TOM: Had your first quarrel?

DICK: Oh, don't be an ass!
We're not the kind, sir, to squabble and
fight;

Why, Bess always yields when she sees that I'm right.
We always think first of each other, and that's
The secret of all happy marriage.

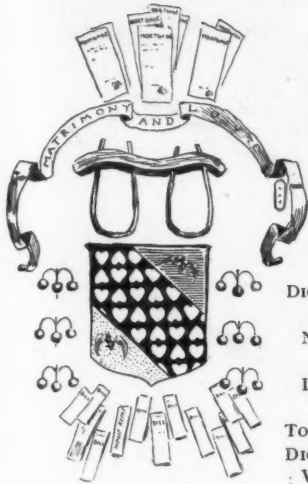
TOM: Oh, rats!

Bet you a hundred, you'll both come to blows
By the end of a fortnight!

DICK: A hundred? That goes!

'Twill teach you, my boy, your ideas are all wrong.
Ah, here Bessie comes. Won't you stay? Well, so long.

(Exit Tom. Enter Bessie.)



"HE MAY BE DULL, BUT HE IS WEALTHY, AND HE IS CERTAINLY
VERY ATTENTIVE TO YOU. DOES HE SAY NOTHING?"
"YES, MAMMA; EVERY TIME HE TALKS."

BESSIE: Why, who was here, dearest, just now?

DICK: An old friend,

A bigoted bachelor, destined to spend
In single accursedness all his young days;
In short, a misogynist, going his ways
Unloved and unloving. He's only to thank
His own ignorance.

BESSIE: Horrid! I do hate a crank!

DICK: So fixed are his notions, he offered to bet
That even we two would be quarreling yet!
Imagine!

BESSIE: The brute! You refused it, of course!

DICK: Why darling, you see, I thought a small loss
Would alter his notions. It really might pay
To teach him a lesson, dear.

BESSIE: Well, I must say!

If you think that your wife is a theme for a bet
With a low, horrid, stupid—

DICK: Don't fly in a pet.

Why, Bessie, the whole thing is merely a jest.

I don't see the harm—

BESSIE: Oh, of course you know best!

You told him that I was a dear little lamb,
And always did just what you ordered me?

DICK: Damn!

BESSIE: Yes, swear if you want to. I haven't a word.

It's like you—so courteous—

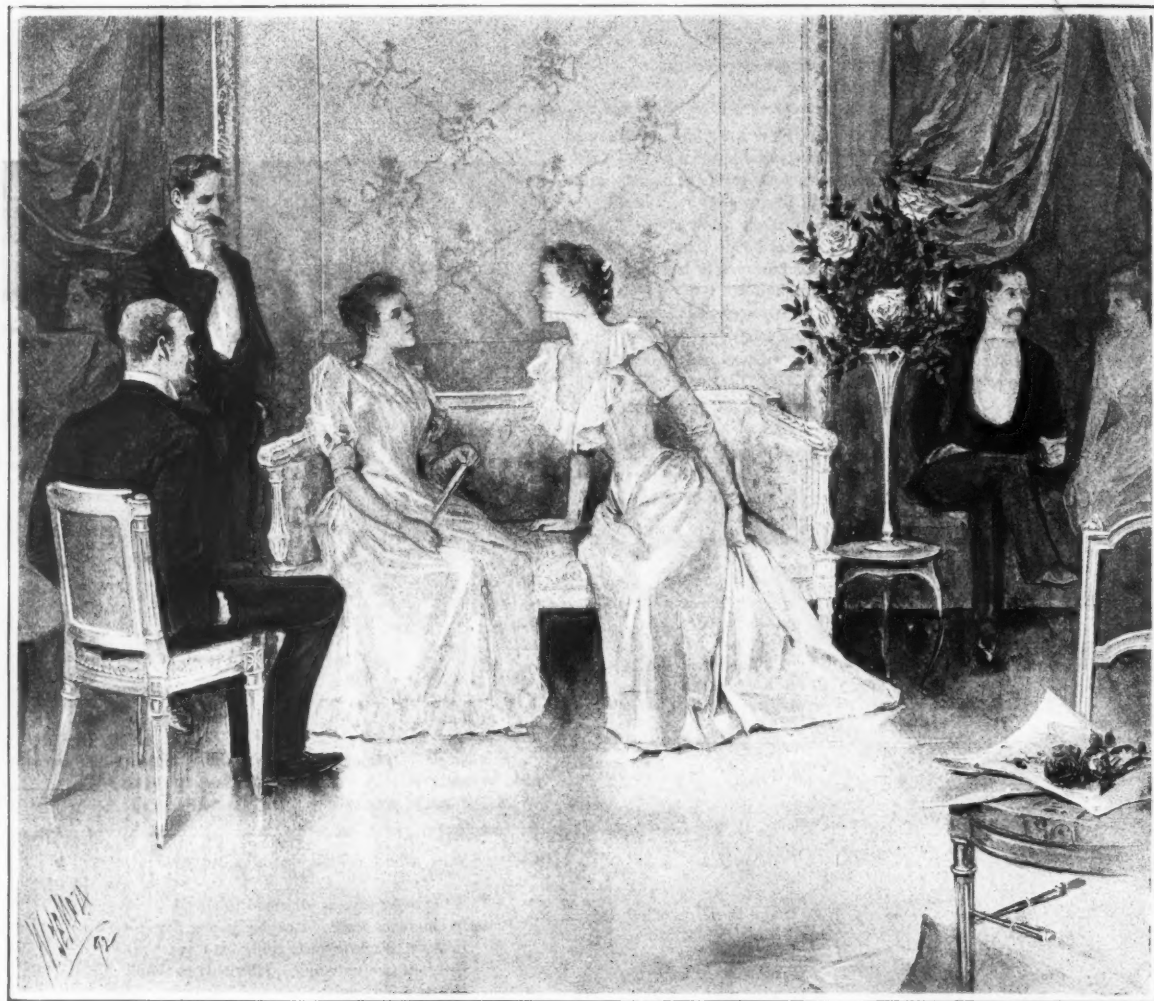
DICK: This is absurd!



BABY'S GRIP.

Irate Passenger: MADAME, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY LETTING
THAT BRAT SNATCH OFF MY WIG?

Mother (with sigh of relief): OH, IT'S A WIG, IS IT? I WAS
AFRAID FOR A MINUTE THAT HE'D SCALPT YE ALIVE.



"BUT IF YOU ARE SO AFRAID OF BEING A WIDOW, WHY DO YOU MARRY AN ARMY OFFICER?"

"BECAUSE IN OUR ARMY, YOU KNOW, NOBODY IS EVER KILLED; WHEREAS, A CIVILIAN, IF AMBITIOUS, IS ALMOST SURE TO GO TO PIECES FROM OVERWORK."

BESSIE: Pray, don't stop at that, Dick, a little abuse
Would be quite in keeping with—

DICK: Bess, you're a goose!
By Jove, I wcn't have it! A saint would be riled
If he found that he'd married a petulant child.

BESSIE: I didn't know, Dick, that you could be so rude,
So hateful—

TOM (*from the doorway*): Beg pardon—I fear I intrude?
I went off forgetting my cane—a bad trick.
Ah, thank you. Good night all.

DICK (*blankly*): Well, Bessie!
BESSIE (*weakly*): Oh, Dick!
J. W. Tompkins.

HAPPY DISPATCH.

FIRST EMINENT
PHYSICIAN: I
have always remembered
my first patient.

SECOND DITTO: I
trust he remembered you.

FIRST E. P.: He would
have done so, no doubt,
but he hadn't time to
make a will.



"NOT BY A JUG FULL."

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

What She Thought.

9 A. M.

DEAR me! I wonder if I made a mistake? I don't love him. Mamma is right about that, and I'm sure I ought not to marry him just because he has a little money. I suppose the poor fellow is eating his breakfast now. He'll never call again, of course. I really believe I'm glad. My right ear is burning—I guess he must be thinking of me.

11 A. M.

I wonder if there is any possibility of his calling again to-night. I am sure I hope not. Still I wouldn't care to spend the evening alone and perhaps no one else will call. After all he was certainly an interesting fellow; yes, he was more than interesting, and I almost wish—

1 P. M.

I am more satisfied than ever that I did well in following mamma's advice. It's much better to give a man an intimation that you don't care for him seriously before he proposes, than to break his heart by a single—and we have been such good friends.

3 P. M.

A note from him saying that he won't call to-night. Hem! I don't know that I recognize the necessity for such a note. Who ever asked him to call or wanted him to call or expected him to call? I'm sure I didn't. I thought I made myself clear last night. O, my, why will things always go wrong? I'm going upstairs to have a good cry.

5 P. M.

I want to cry some more. Dear me! I'm the most unhappy girl alive, and it's all my own fault. I've broken his heart, and I've broken my own, and I detest myself.

7 P. M.

I don't want any dinner, and I don't want to see papa's friend, so there!

9 P. M.

Dear me! he's in the parlor. I'm not dressed, and my eyes are as red as the curtains. What shall I do? I certainly must not keep him waiting. I suppose he has come, after all, to bring me back my letters. O, I wish—

9.30 P. M.

He hasn't mentioned the letters and he seems awfully melancholy. I almost believe—

10 P. M.

I'm the happiest girl in the world. Who would have thought he intended to propose? Engaged at last, and to him! O—

What He Thought.

9 A. M.

WELL, I guess I acted very wisely after all. She's a sweet little girl, but we haven't either of us enough money to get married on, and I'm not so absolutely sure that I love her. Of course I don't. We've known each other a long time and all that, but that doesn't always mean love. Of course I've got to stop calling on her so often. I suppose it will break her heart. I'll bet she's thinking of me now.

11 A. M.

I wonder if she'll expect me to-night? I hope not. I don't want to pain her any more than I can help. Wonder what I'll do with myself? Club? Bah! Theatre? Pooh, bah! I might call on some one else, but I wouldn't be paid to. If I hadn't been so cool last night I might still—

1 P. M.

Well, I'm satisfied, after thinking it over, that I did the correct thing. Father is right. Never be too abrupt when dealing with the female heart. How pretty she was last night! I feel rather mean. Guess I'd better write her not to expect me to-night. Then I'll stay at home and smoke.

3 P. M.

Confound it! I can't help thinking about her. Must look as blue as the Alsatian Mountains. Saw father laughing at me a few minutes ago. How the deuce does he know anything about it? Wish her father and mine weren't such confoundedly thick friends. I feel like the very deuce.

5 P. M.

Feel worse. Wish I hadn't written that letter. I know I'm to blame. Wonder what's the easiest way of committing suicide? Wonder if father would sympathize with me then?

7 P. M.

I don't want dinner. Going to smoke—going to drink. Brandy's the thing.

9 P. M.

Well, here I am in her parlor, after all. Wonder if she'll see me? I'll bet she won't. She always was the proudest girl in town. I look like a fool; and, what's more, I am one. I suppose she'll insist on my taking back all my presents.

9.30 P. M.

She hasn't said a word about last evening. I honestly believe I've got a chance. Here goes—

10 P. M.

I'm the luckiest fellow in the world. I had no idea she would forgive me. Guess I've got the laugh on father this time. We'll be married in the fall and we'll go—

Tom Hall.



"ANOTHER TRAIN HELD UP IN THE WEST."



"HELLO, SHANKS! DID YER HEAR DAT JIMMY JINKSES DAD IS DEAD?"
 "NO. DID HE LEAVE JIMMY ANYTHING?"
 "I DUNNO; BUT I GUESS HE DIDN'T LEAVE HIM NUTHIN' BUT A ORPHAN."

DIFFERENT CAUSES—SAME RESULT.

"THIS love that makes the world go round,"

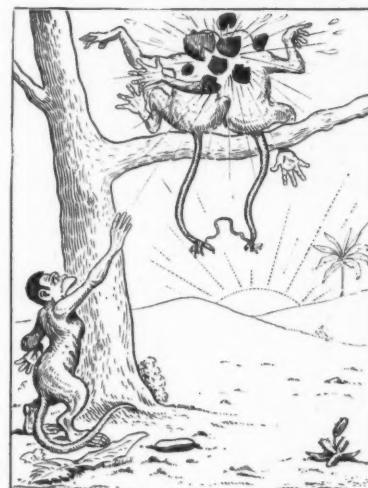
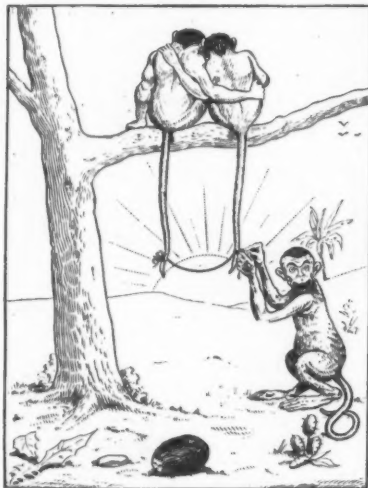
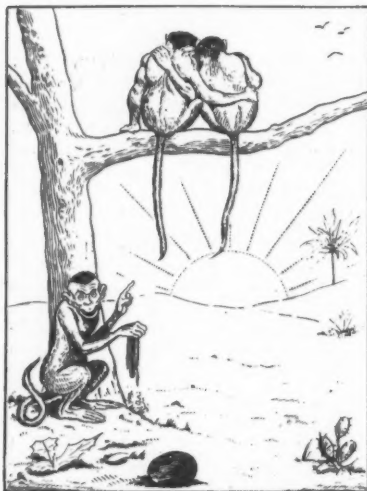
These words we often hear,
But the same phenomenon is found
In drinking wine with beer.

SUBLIME CHARITY.

"I SAW you stuffing cotton in your ears a while ago," said St. Peter to the Recording Angel. "What was that for?"

"It's a little idea of my own. I saw a fat man getting ready to brush his own shoes."

THE VENGEANCE OF A DISCARDED LOVER.



ANOTHER CONVERT.

"JIMMY, WOT'S AN ANARCHIST?"

"A ANARCHIST IS A FELLER WOT TAKES WOT'S YOUR'N AN' KEEPS WOT ISN'T HIS'N; ACCORDIN' TO THEM IF I WAS TER TAKE EV'RY APPLE AN' PEACH FROM THAT STAND YONDER IT'D BE ALL RIGHT, 'CAUSE THAT EYETALIAN CAN'T EAT 'EM, AN' I'D HAVE A PERFECT RIGHT TO 'EM!"

"JIMMY, LET'S BE ANARCHISTS!"

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

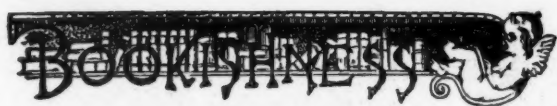
FIRST FIFTH AVENUE STAGE HORSE: Phew, but I am badly rattled.

SECOND FIFTH AVENUE STAGE HORSE: Cheer up, old man. Who knows? You may be dead to-night.

HEARD ON FOURTEENTH STREET.

R IFF: Do you see that old fellow with a fiddle? He is Orpheus.

RAFF: I know it. I saw a paving-stone chase him on Third Avenue yesterday.



MISS ROSEBORO'S STORIES.

THE short stories of Miss Viola Roseboro', collected in the volume "Old Ways and New" (Century Co.), make very evident the even quality of her work, and the special feature of her method. You feel, first of all, the serenity of her attitude—not cold, but sympathetic toward her characters. Yet she leaves to the reader the expression of the sympathy; her province is only to narrate. There is a certain masculine quality in her interpretation of characters; she has the same eagerness to unfold the springs of an action that men of business show in estimating their competitors. A shrewd financier does not make a deal with a man on any other basis than a knowledge of his character and the special motives which will appeal to it. It is the aim of Miss Roseboro' as a story-teller to illuminate exactly these phases of her fictitious personages. When you have been shown the apparent inevitableness of cause and effect, you suddenly run up against an impassable barrier, before which all distinctions of cause and effect are lost—when "as we so often know it, the catastrophe has no relation to responsibilities anywhere, when it is but a blind bolt, falling blindly, stopping, crushing, annihilating, without more moral significance than is in the rain which falls alike on the just and on the unjust." It is this sort of fatalism which is the essence of all tragedy, and Miss Roseboro' has used it once or twice in her stories with striking effect.

There is a fine play of humorous appreciation of eccentricities running throughout the stories—something which is of the same texture as the mantle of charity. It is broad enough to shelter humanity, but too narrow to include cynicism of any kind.

* * *

NOTES.—The selections from Walt Whitman's prose writings included in the little volume "Autobiographia" (Webster) give a fairly adequate idea of his mental life and the special experiences which most affected it. You really get at nothing about him which his poems do not fully reveal—a big and well-nourished organism, full of the joy of life, and not prone to continuous effort of any kind. Green fields, bright sunlight, flashing waters, the movement and color of crowds—all those things which produce grunts of satisfaction in a well-constituted savage—gave him that sort of pleasure which ejaculates sonorous

phrases. It is a fine thing to live and a finer to enjoy it, and if you want to call the expression of it poetry, then Whitman was a poet.

Down "In Savage Africa" (R. H. Russell & Son) which E. J. Glave writes about so entertainingly, they have a way of expressing this joy of life by a wild dance which culminates in cutting off the head of a slave or two. The executioner is really the poet of the occasion, full of joy in the strength of his arm and his skill in using it. It is great fun for the poet and his friends—but the slave and his friends have some doubts about the genuine inspiration of the whole affair. (So have the readers of certain poets, everywhere.) As for Mr. Glave's book, it is a modest and delightful narrative, founded on six years' experience of life on the Congo—where the author proved his courage and administrative ability, winning the high praise of his chief, Stanley, which is prefixed as an introduction to this volume.

Those who like rich oriental imagery, set in melodious verse, very modern in form and finish, will find pleasure in Clinton Scollard's "Songs of Sunrise Lands" (Houghton). The author has technical skill in versification, an eye for color in landscape, and an ear for melodious words.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

AS IT IS TO BE. By Cora Linn Daniels. Franklin, Mass.: Cora Linn Daniels.

English Cathedrals. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Century Company.

Maid Marian and Robin Hood. By T. E. Muddock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Berkeleys and Their Neighbors. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Story of Columbus. By Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

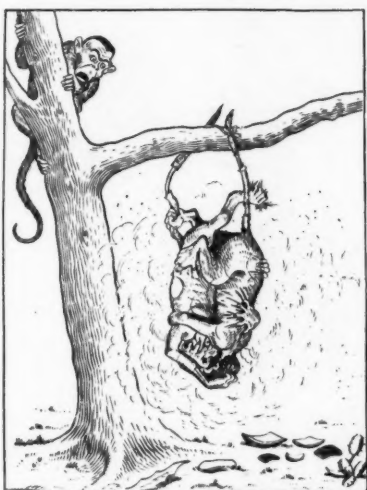
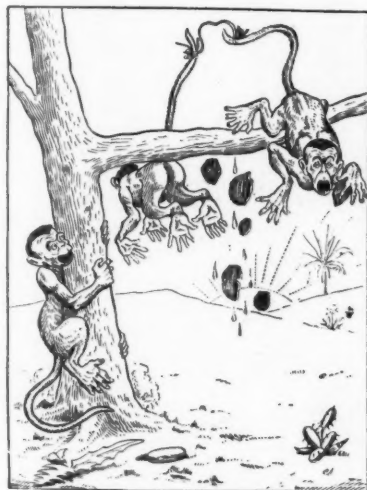
God's Fool. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Songs about Life, Love and Death. By Anne Reeve Aldrich. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Marse Chan. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"HAVE you heard, Doctor, what was the issue of Dr. Mulligan's experiment in treating deafness by the removal of the drum of the ear?"

"No, I have not; but from my not hearing I judge there was nothing to tell. The Lord made the drum, and perhaps Mulligan hoped he might beat the Lord, and tried, but only beat the drum."





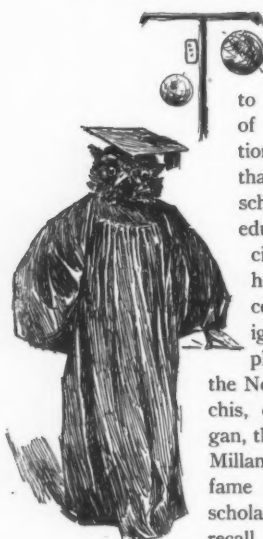
IN LAMP YE

THE LADIES CALLING CARRIAGES FOR THE GR



IN LAMP YEAR.
MARRIAGES OF THE GENTLEMEN AFTER THE THEATRE.

PROTECTION TO INFANT INDUSTRIES IN DETROIT.



HE people of Detroit, Michigan, have worked out the doctrine of protection to infant industries to a beautiful conclusion. The Board of Education in that city of erudition and freight car works, has decided that no one shall teach in the public schools who has not received his (or her) education in the public schools of that city. In January next all teachers who have not graduated from the *gymnasias*, colleges and universities of Detroit, Michigan, will be summarily ousted. In their places will sit thereafter the Hypatias, the Novella Andreas, and the Dorotea Bocchis, of Detroit, Michigan—Detroit, Michigan, the city of Baldwin, of Alger, of McMillan, and other Catos and Solons, whose fame as men of diverse, deep and broad scholarship it needs no mention here to recall.

"*Maxima debetur reverentia pueris*," sings Horace—some one will please translate for Detroit!—but what unhallowed liberties are these educational Wolverines taking with the children of Detroit. Pickering and Childs and Palmer of Harvard, may not teach in the public schools of Detroit. Sumner of Yale, Whitney of Yale, Smith of Columbia, Gates of Amherst—not even Janes, the President of the Ethical Society of Brooklyn—not even Chubb of the Brooklyn Institute, may lecture to those carefully protected puerile exotics of the Detroit public schools.

That is protection to infant industries with a vengeance! And what a beautiful system it is, when one examines it with care. No danger of the Yale foot-ball microbes creeping in among the unsophisticated little ones of Detroit! No riotous dissipation and snobbery from Harvard, tainted with horrid Unitarianism! No un-Algerian and stealthy Mugwumperry of the Seth Low stripe from Columbia! No impudent and unorthodox science from Johns Hopkins! No un-Storrsian liberality from Andover! No, none of these, but safe in the arms of the concave-backed, convex-chested, acidulous vestals who have graduated from the Detroit public schools, these little lambs shall lie. To them Alger will be the George Washington, McMillan will be the Abraham Lincoln. Ella Wheeler Wilcox will be the Sappho! To them Muskegon is as London, Kalamazoo the Paris, Detroit their world, and the great State of Michigan as the universe. Michilimackinac will be Thermopylae to them and Sault St. Marie their Salamis. Bagley's famous chewing-plug, manufactured by the descendants of the lamented governor of that name, will stand to them as the purple of Tyre, the china of Sèvres, the clocks of Berne and the toys of Saxony. To these children the City Hall at Grand Rapids will serve for the Parthenon, the Post-Office at Marquette for their St. Sophia, the First Presbyterian Church (McMillan's church) at Detroit

for Westminster Abbey. Oh, happy children! Oh, happy State! that protects its wards from the effete knowledge of Europe and New England, which has contrived a tariff to protect the Museum of Art at Detroit from the Luxembourg, the Opera House at Kalamazoo from Covent Garden, and its Algers, McMillans and Baldwins, its Bagleys and Lucas and Winans from the humiliation of free-trade with Washington, Adams and Jefferson, and Webster, and Sumner, and Lincoln. Detroit for the Detroiters! Only Detroitism taught here! To know Michigan and to love Detroit, this is salvation! Glorious mottoes, happy people! Bully for the Board of Education of Detroit, and may the gods that watch over asses abide with them now and always!

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

"WELL, what do you think of it?"
"Oh, it's about as broad as it is long."

BRIGGS: Just for a joke, I told Miss Elderly the other day that when she laughed it was all I could do not to kiss her.

GRIGGS: What happened?

BRIGGS: The next time I saw her she had hysterics.

AFTER attending services at Dr. Oldstyle's church, Jacques remarked that he intended to amend the hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer" to read "Sweet Hour and a Half of Prayer."



Party with Dog: YER SEE I HAD HIM DOWN, WID MY FOOT ON HIS NECK, AN' I COULD HA' KILT HIM DEN AN' DERE, WHEN HIS WIFE RUSHED IN AN' BEGGED ME FUR TER SPARE HIS LIFE. I WUZ JUS' GOIN' TER HIT HER A CLIP, WHEN I RECKERLECTED DAT IT WOULDN'T DO TO STRIKE A WOMAN, SO I SHOVED HER UP AGIN THE MANTELPIECE JUS' EASY ENOUGH TO MAKE HER FAINT, AND AFTER I GOT HER POCKETBOOK, I LEF' THE HOUSE WIDOUT MOLESTIN' HER, AS I WANTED TO GIV' HER TER UNDERSTAN' DAT A FELLER COULD BE A PRIZE FIGHTER AN' STILL BE A GENTLEMAN.

ONCE TOO OFTEN.

"WHY haven't you been to church," she said,
"Since we were wed. May I inquire?"
Then he replied to his one-year bride:
"They say 'A burnt child dreads the fire!'"

LETTERS FOR OUR ESTEEMED JUVENILE CONTEMPORARIES.

MARMELADE, AUSTRALIA.

DER CENT NICKELLESS: My mommer has took you for me for two years befor I was born we have got a very cunning cat and two kitens when we feed them it is very amusing to watch our cow got her tale tore off in the brush last weak I have never had a letter in you before youre litle fren Alice (age 19).

EAST SAUGUS, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR LITTAL SCHOOLMARM:

Garpers Yung peopl your very interestin paper comes tusdays and I just grab it and rede it through I think the story about the bronies and ten years in the wilds of Hoboken are just elegant I have one sister and my brother has too hoping to



HOW REALISM GOT LEFT.

Mrs. Creedly: OH, THOMAS, ISN'T THIS A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE? IT IS CALLED "THE SABBATH DAY." HOW CALM AND PEACEFUL AND SACRED THE WHOLE SCENE. WE MUST BUY IT.

Mr. Creedly: THE PICTURE IS ALL THAT YOU SAY, MARIA; BUT YOU MAY NOT KNOW THAT THESE MODERN REALISTIC ARTISTS ALWAYS WORK RIGHT ON THE SPOT AND AT THE TIME THEIR SUBJECT DEPICTS, AND WE CAN'T BUY A PICTURE THAT WAS CALLED INTO BEING BY A DESECRATION OF THE SABBATH.

see this in print I remane your loving little friend, Willie George Washington Lincoln Diggels (23) age.

DONMANTA, CANADA.

DERE SOUND A SLEEP:

Your most amusin and entertainin sheet comes to hand as regular as regular as the sun exceptin may bee when the blizard i will sune be two yere old i kno a bully game take a waterin pot and let it run down a celar dore slant slanting and it makes a good imitashun of Niagrew fals only more like riffuls the government gras comishun is razing diferent kinds of grasses here mostly hay-sede predominates, we have patrige for breakfast also the grip which my pa calles the winfluenzer godby youre lital frende Josie Christabel—P. S. My Granma is 102 years old (in her 2nd childhod) she sais the old children like you to J. C.—

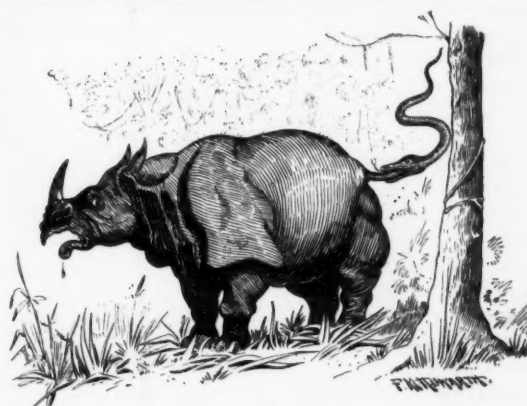
"I AM pinched for money," said the foot whose owner sought to win the heart of a millionaire by the beauty of her pedal extremities.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEEK.

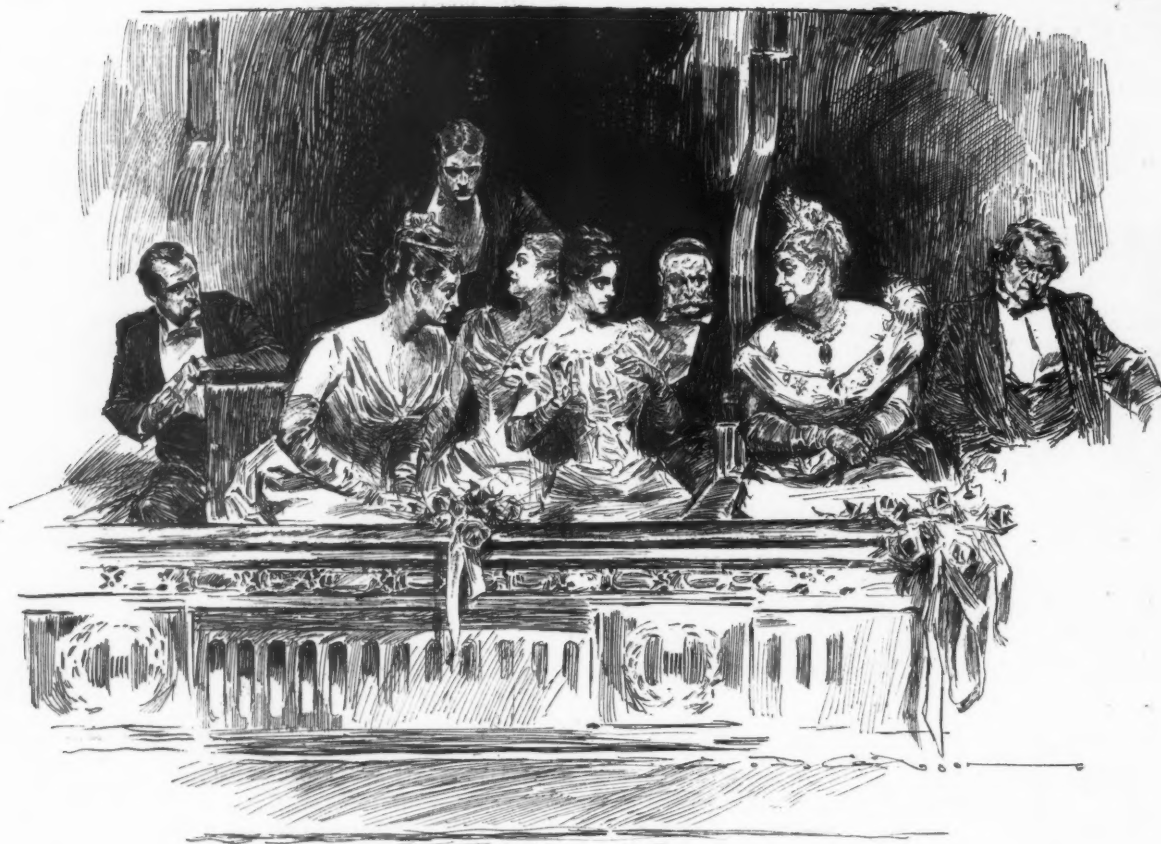


NOV. 3, 1870.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE QUEEN UNVEILED IN LONDON.



"GOOD GRACIOUS! NO WONDER MY TAIL PAINED ME SO. JUST SEE HOW LONG IT HAS GROWN IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES."



AT THE OPERA.

... Mrs. Van Shuter lifted her heavy eyelids, ducked her double chin; Mrs. Vernon's color rose, and her tiara tipped forward. Mrs. Vernon had crossed the Rubicon. Dick Henderson and Freddy de Witt rehearsed it afterward at the club, and a number of lorgnons took in the fact. But Mrs. Van Shuter's condescension did not stop at this.

"Your mother got the notice of the meeting at my house on Friday of next week?" she asked of Betty. "Tell her I count on her. There are so many coming who won't signify. It is to be a talk from that Mrs. Duncombe, the new woman who has had such success with the lower classes."

"What does she do to the lower classes?" Betty inquired.

"Oh! er—everything; it is a scheme for making working-women understand their legal rights against their husbands."

"I should think her chief trouble would be from the married couples between whom she interferes."

"Eh? oh! She says with a Fund an immense deal may be done. I made her understand that I can't be looked to to give money, with all I have to do. But I said they may meet first in my Empire room, and I let my Miss Thompson write the notices."

"I suppose we shall know, when we get there, what it is all about," said Betty, fearlessly.

"Yes, certainly. There are to be flowers distributed among the poor, in pots—with little pamphlets revised by lawyers. Perhaps Mrs.—ah—Vernon would like to come. If she would like to come, I don't mind telling Miss Thompson to write a card for her."

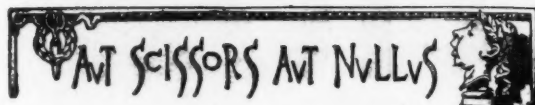
"She might; I don't know," said Betty. "She's awfully rich, and very generous. But I very much doubt her going unless you first call on her."

A surprised look made itself manifest upon the Idol's large pink face. But, then, everybody in town knows it was pains thrown away to be affronted by Betty Halliday.

"But you know, my dear, I never go in anywhere. And my first footman, James, engaged with me never to leave the box to ring a bell, except in an emergency." . . .

This is a brief extract from "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," the new novel of New York society, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "The Anglomaniacs." It begins in the November "Century" with a delightful account of a fashionable wedding. The sixteen-page opening instalment includes three of Mr. Gibson's best society drawings, of which one is shown above.

· LIFE ·



A PAIR in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a jiffy
They landed like this.
—*New York Sun.*

"HELLO, Central! Is it true that you girls are not allowed to listen to what is said over the wires?"

"Yes; and what's more, we wouldn't waste the time if we had to it throw away in listening to the silly stuff that people pour into each other's ears. The public must think we are dying to hear something when we try to catch what it has to say."

"All right, then; give me 1314."

"There, you've got 'em."

"Hello, 1314! Say, I've got a secret I want to whisper to you, but first let me tell you that yesterday I saw the telephone girl who answers our calls at the central office—the one with the cracked, rasping voice—and, suffering saints! she's got a face that is naturally so homely that any sort of an accident that might befall it would improve its appearance; and her hair is such a bright red that persons with weak eyes can't look at it except through smoked glass; and she's got freckles as distinct as the squares on a checker-board, and—"

"Say, you horrid man! if I hear any more of that kind of talk over the wire, I'll report you to the manager! Do you understand?"

"Er-r, hello, 1314! I'll call around this afternoon and tell you what I've got to say."

I'm afraid it won't do to send it over the 'phone, because—well—you understand how it is."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A NATURALIST, who is absent-minded to a degree, recently celebrated his silver wedding. Just as the first guest arrived, one of the daughters was sent to summon the father, who was all ready, and came into the parlor. The daughter noticed that her father carried in his hand a small wooden box, and as he shook hands with the nearest guest, she saw him drop it. The cover rolled off, but she gave a sigh of relief when she saw that the box was apparently empty. The naturalist, however, uttered a cry of dismay, and instantly went down on his hands and knees in an attempt to gather up something.

"Have you spilled anything, father?" she asked.

"Spilled anything!" he echoed, in evident indignation at her calm tone; "I have lost fifty fleas that I have just received from Egypt!"

The effect of this intelligence on the family was nothing in comparison to the effect the catastrophe had upon the company before the evening was over.—*Argonaut.*

A NEW YORK woman, who has a very poor opinion of art as presented in Chicago, was recently visiting in that city, and under the espionage of that *dilettante* and scholar, Mr. Eugene Field, she went one day to the Art Museum.

"Possibly, Madam," suggested Eugene, with a courtly bow and in classic English, "perhaps you had better leave your sun umbrella at the door."

"What for?" inquired the lady, who was rich enough to own the best.

"You might push it through a picture or break a piece of statuary with it."

"I hardly think I shall," she retorted, marching right in. "I think too much of my umbrella."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WHAT was Helen crying about, Polly?" asked Polly's mamma, as the little one came in from the playground.

"She dug a great big hole in the garden, and her mamma wouldn't let her take it into the house with her," said Polly.—*Harper's Young People.*

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